Mike, Eleven and the Omelet by Brown Eyes Parker

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Summary: Eleven makes an omelet for Mike's mom. (I'm still practicing writing stories about them). Mileven crushing. Just a little fluffy flashfic.

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A Stranger Things Story

By Brown Eyes Parker

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

Rated: K

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"Never mind making an omelet, I scorch water when I'm trying to make Kraft mac & cheese," Mike told Eleven as he watched her raid the refrigerator to make breakfast for his mother. "Do *you* have any idea what you're doing, El?"

Eleven gave him a look as if to say *please Mike* before she kicked the fridge door shut with her foot and carefully placed all the ingredients on the kitchen counter. She looked them over and glanced at the boy standing next to her.

He smiled encouragingly at her and she picked up one of the eggs, cracking it on the countertop like she had seen Hopper do when he had made her breakfast before school. She carefully dropped it into a bowl and then added another one before picking up a whisk and stirring it.

"Don't forget to add the liquid," Mike said helpfully.

Eleven looked at him again, this time it seemed to say *I know!* as she picked up the carton of milk and added a splash to the egg mixture. She added a dash of salt and pepper then mixed it all in too. She gestured towards the frying pan and looked at Mike. "Could you Mike?"

"I told you, I can't boil water. . . I'll probably burn the house down if I try to melt *butter*!" Mike answered.

"I won't let you," Eleven assured him.

Mike wanted to help her despite his nerves over wrecking something in the house and getting in trouble with his parents in the process. So he went over to the stove and added a glob of butter to the cold pan before turning up the flame.

"Medium heat," Eleven said even though she wasn't looking.

Mike turned it down quickly. "Sorry, I've never watched my mom make omelets before."

"It's okay," Eleven replied, coming over and dumping the eggs into the pan.

"You really know what you're doing!" Mike observed.

Eleven shrugged and didn't offer a reply while she watched for the edges of the omelet start to cook.

"What are you two doing!?"

Eleven and Mike whirled around and saw Nancy standing in the kitchen doorway, still a little drowsy from sleep.

"Making mom breakfast!" Mike explained. "Eleven wanted to do something nice for her."

"Does Hopper know you're here?" Nancy asked looking at Eleven.

Eleven nodded, remembering to use her words because not everybody was Mike and knew what she was saying. "Yes."

"I'll sit with you while you finish cooking," Nancy offered, throwing a stern look at Mike. "You should have known better to use the stove without anybody down here."

Mike spread his hands in protest and was about to say something when he realized his older sister was just giving him a hard time because she could. "Sure," he answered instead, grinning at her.

Nancy looked at the stove and nodded approvingly. "Wow. You're

doing a better job than I've ever done. Good for you, Eleven!"

"Hopper," Eleven said in way of explanation.

"He showed you how to make omelets?" Nancy asked.

"I watch him," Eleven answered.

"Oh. Okay," Nancy said, going to the fridge. "Hey, my mom likes a little bit of tomato and cheese in her omelet. "You want me to cut the tomato while you watch the stove to make sure you don't burn the eggs?"

Eleven nodded appreciatively. A few minutes later, she was folding the eggs over cheese and freshly sliced tomatoes and flipping it onto a plate.

Mike beamed at her like a lovesick puppy. "You did a really good job," he told her.

Eleven blushed and smiled in return.

"You two are *so* cute!" Nancy told them as she turned on the coffee pot.

"Nancy! *Stop it!*" Mike whined. "You're embarrassing me in front of El!"

"Whoops! My bad," Nancy said, winking at Eleven who still wasn't accustomed to good-natured teasing.

"What are you kids doing up so early? It's a Saturday," Karen Wheeler asked, coming into the kitchen with Holly on her hip. "Oh, good morning Elle. I didn't know you were going to be here! Does Hop know where you are?"

"Yes mom," Mike answered for Eleven. "El came over to make you breakfast as a surprise."

"Oh! Well, I actually am surprised!" Karen answered, looking at Eleven. "Nobody in my family has ever made me breakfast before, not even on Mother's Day! You're such a sweetheart El."

Eleven blushed and Mike slung his arm around her. "She's great! Isn't she great?"

"We know you think so," Nancy teased some more, causing both Mike and Eleven to blush.

Eleven cleared her throat. "Breakfast?" she asked awkwardly.

The End

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Author's Note:

To be honest, I don't know *where* this came from. I was talking to one of my Girl Meets World friends and she mentioned making omelets to me because of a Hallmark movie she was watching and I connected it to Eleven making an omelet for Mrs. Wheeler. I said it aloud to her so once that happened I *needed* to write it. If you've seen She's the Man, you'll get it.

I hope this was okay. I will be back with more soon. I have some stories to write in the GMW fandom but I have ideas for Mike/ Eleven still and they will not be neglected. Those children have wormed their way into my heart and my muse.

Please review or something!

Until Next Time!

Sincerely Your's,

Holly, 9/13/2016